The Commonweal

February 9, 1951

NOT BREAD ALONE

Why French Workers See Red

JEAN MAUDUIT

FATAL CHOICE

Stalin's Big Mistake

PETER VIERECK

FOUCAULD'S FOOTSTEPS

Desert Pilgrimage

ROBERT BARRAT

Volume LIII **15c** *Number 18*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Idea for a Magazine VI

CHRISTIANITY is not for Sundays only; it is not concerned solely, or even primarily, with ecclesiastical affairs. It is concerned with sin, sacrifice and salvation, with faith, hope and charity—and with these things precisely in relation to men and women, human persons.

All goodness is ultimately one. If we are concerned with the goodness of men and women, can we be indifferent, in degree and proportion, to the goodness of a book, a building, of clothes, of food? Can our Catholic papers give us any guidance on these matters, and about the different kinds of goodness involved?

"The beauty of God is the cause of the being of all that is," says Saint Thomas Aquinas. And somebody else has said, "There is nothing secular but sin"—and error and ugliness. We have not said all that needs to be said about a movie when we have ascertained its Legion of Decency rating. We do not know all the facts relevant to the justification of a strike when we learn that it has been organized by Communists. I have not, unhappily, said all that need be said about myself as a child of God when I state that I assist at Mass on Sundays and refrain from flesh-meat on Fridays.

DONALD ATTWATER

SPECIAL CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH OFFER — 14 ISSUES

(except for current renewals)

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

FOR $1

Enclosed is $1. Send the next 14 issues to:

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

2/9/51

Published weekly, printed and copyrighted, 1951, in the U. S. A., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year; Foreign $8. Single copies, 15c.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

The Pope Isolationist?

FATHER JAMES M. GILLIS is one man who has never ceased to call himself an isolationist. Even during the World War II days when it seemed the word should be whispered and not used at all in polite society, Father Gillis held out. So when he preaches isolationism in the Catholic press nowadays, he speaks with the authority of a steadfast apostle.

In his current syndicated column, Father Gillis, answering an editorial in the *Catholic Mesenger* of Davenport, Iowa, tells just what he means by isolationism. His brand is not spiritual or moral isolationism, needless to say. It is not economic or industrial isolationism. We are obliged morally to share our achievements with the have-not nations. It is not even political or diplomatic isolationism. So we are left then with the only kind of isolationism Father Gillis believes in. It is military isolationism. No pacifist, Father Gillis would support a crusade ordered by the Pope. But the Pope too is an isolationist. The more Father Gillis ponders over the Christmas Message of 1950, the more he is convinced that "the Holy Father's kind of isolationism is the one I have been preaching these many years, isolation from the incessant wars of Europe and Asia."

To bolster this rather startling idea that Pius XII would have the US return to military isolationism, Father Gillis quotes from an eloquent passage in which the Holy Father answers the Communist accusation that he wants war and has collaborated to this end with "imperialist" powers. The Holy Father answers: "Sift the troubled 12 years of our pontificate; weigh every word that our lips have uttered, every sentence our pen has written; you will find in them only appeals for peace."

If military isolationism were synonymous with peace and its opposite another word for warmongering, Father Gillis might be able, on the basis of this paragraph, to count Pius XII among the isolationists. But we have every reason to believe that the very reverse is true. We do not believe that the Atlantic Pact, the arming of the West and the military commitments the US has accepted have set back the cause of peace. And nothing the Holy Father has said or written leads us to believe that he feels they have either. Military preparedness, on the part of the West, may not ward off war, as it is fondly hoped. But we have no reason to believe that without them the chances for peace would be greater.

Father Gillis may preach his isolationism until he is blue in the face, and if we ignore his advice we may be around to hear him say again "I told you so!" after the threat has disappeared and the cost of the victory is added up. But it will take more than a single quote to convince us that his isolationism is identical with the Pope's pleas for peace.

AT CHRISTMAS, 1948, at a time when the Atlantic Pact was being debated, Pius XII wrote: "A people threatened with unjust aggression, or already its victim, may not remain passively indifferent . . . ; all the more does the solidarity of the family of nations forbid others to behave as mere spectators, in an attitude of apathetic neutrality. Who will ever measure the harm already caused in the past by such indifference to wars of aggression, which is quite alien to the Christian instinct."

Just a few weeks ago, at Christmas time, when the US's arming of the West was the issue of the day, he wrote again: ". . . because we have at heart the good of all nations, we believe that the close union of *all* peoples who are masters of their own destiny and who are united by sentiments of reciprocal trust and mutual assistance is the *sole* means for the *defense* of peace and the best guarantee of its re-establishment." (Emphasis added.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• THIS WEEK •

Week by Week 435

Why French Workers See Red
by Jean Mauduit 439

Stalin's Big Mistake
by Peter Viereck 441

Desert Pilgrimage
by Robert Barrat 442

Koestler Revisited
by Francis Downing 444

The Stage
by Walter Kerr 446

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 448

Tito and the War on the West
by Max Fischer 449

Communications 451

Books 452

Editor: Edward S. Skillin
Contributing Editor: Philip Burnham
Managing Editor: Edward F. Meagher
Feature Editor: John Cogley
Assistant Editor: William Pfaff

Associate Editors
John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Francis Downing
Cinema: Philip T. Hartung
Theatre: Walter Kerr

Advertising Manager: John Brubaker

• NEXT WEEK •

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN writes from Rome of the present attitude of the Italian people.

"Having the biggest Communist party outside the Iron Curtain, the Italians have very little confidence in the future. This lack of confidence is strangely combined, though, with a characteristic carelessness, which is quite optimistic in spite of all. . . . This mixture is a weakness and a strength at the same time, possibly the reaction of an ancient race to the innumerable invasions which have rolled over its territory through the centuries."

The Holy Father certainly doesn't call for war. Only recently he reminded us again that "nothing is lost by peace, everything can be lost by war." But it is a long jump from this to Father Gillis' isolationism. To describe Pius XII's position, as Father Gillis does, as "isolationism from the incessant wars of Europe and Asia," is meaningless. It is to make of the Communist assault on the beliefs of the West—including the very belief in God—as something far less serious than it is. It is to reduce the present life-and-death struggle in the world to the dimensions of old-fashioned power politics. Pius XII, above all men, knows what it's about. And we don't think he belongs in the isolationists' corner.

India's Request

SOMETHING more than the fate of a hundred million fellow human beings hangs on the American reply to India's urgent request for two million tons of surplus grain. By action or inaction, the Congress of the United States will reveal to the peoples of Asia the sincerity of our championing of human rights. Will we decide to use human misery in the show of force we believe necessary to defeat the Soviets? An impoverished and underdeveloped world watches to see if acceptance of American bounty has to bring with it loss of independence.

The coolness thus far displayed in Congress toward the Indian request is partly understandable. The attitude of Sir Benegal Rau toward the United States and toward the Chinese Communists (who instigated and intensified the bloody Korean war) seems provocative in the extreme. His persistence in seeking negotiation on any terms may in the end compel us to concentrate on Europe. His and Nehru's public sentiments often sound like anything but those of a friend.

As spokesman in the UN for the liberated peoples of Asia and representative of a vast country which is not militarily secure, Sir Benegal takes an almost diametrically opposite view of the Chinese Communists from ours. To keep the war from spreading and to bring it to a close he is willing to grant Mao almost any concession.

Some Congressmen also feel that India is not consistently pacific. Some say that shipping large quantities of American grain into the area would cause hardships in adjacent lands that depend upon exporting their food surpluses.

But we are faced here with the imminent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

threat of famine, not with a problem of surpluses. As it is now, millions in India are living from "ship to mouth." Once this crisis is surmounted, longer-range plans can be set up.

The surplus grain is readily available here, the ships needed are at hand. An appropriation of two hundred millions would cover shipping charges. At stake are many Indian lives and the repute of the United States before the peoples of Asia and of the world.

Newsdealers' Strike

TAKING editorial pot-shots at minor political dictators is no longer the sport it once was. It was a rather dull sport, anyhow, invariably ending up with little more than a few salvos against fascism and verbal salutes to democracy of the American brand. But now, it seems, as in every war emergency, we cannot afford to examine too closely the political antecedents or present character of potential allies.

An incident in Argentina, however, throws so much light on the tactics of dictators that it shouldn't be passed up. The issue is freedom of the press. The paper is *La Prensa,* long a critic of the Péron régime. This Buenos Aires daily of international renown has for years been harried by official restrictions on its supply of paper and forced insertions of free ads.

The latest assault takes the form of a strike on the part of the News Vendors Union, which is a component part of the government-backed General Confederation of Labor. *Democracia,* an organ which often speaks for the Péron government, charges *La Prensa* with refusing to consider the just claims of the workers and with "continuing with its old greedy policy of serving foreign capitalism."

Here are the strikers' demands, presented as a 48-hour ultimatum which in reality gave the paper but 12 hours notice: the closing of all branch offices where ads, subscriptions and single copies are sold; designation of the union as sole distributor of the paper and the abrogation of all subscriptions; the assigning of one-fifth of the classified advertising revenue (the chief source of income) to the union for social benefits. The union makes these or similar demands of no other Argentine paper. And *La Prensa's* linotypers have been so threatened by the union that the management has suspended publication to protect the men.

Changing Fashions

ALTHOUGH Prime Minister Attlee flew to Washington a few weeks ago in the hope of repairing the crack that at the time alarmingly threatened to split the unity of British-American policy, it was generally felt, after he had gone back to England, that in lieu of actually repairing the crack, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Truman had only managed to paper it over. Now even that makeshift job has been pulled apart by the strain of the long debate in the United Nations over Communist China, and if this disagreement should become so serious as to bring the Western house crashing down around us, the collapse would, of course, exceed the fondest hopes the Soviets have had for their strategy in the cold war against the West.

It is to our urgent interest to try to understand what is causing the current tension between Britain and the United States. At the moment, the trouble appears to lie in our divergent attitudes toward Communist China, the American attitude being a belligerent one, the British, a non-belligerent one. But the trouble really goes quite a bit beyond that. Basically the tension seems to arise from two different and conflicting attitudes toward what has come to be called the "cold war," what it is and how it should be fought.

Although we have actually been living since 1945 in a kind of twilight between war and peace, it was only about three years ago that the term "cold war" came into vogue to describe this condition of "no peace, no war." Only gradually did the West come to realize what it was the Soviets were trying to do and it is our belief that neither the peoples nor the governments of the United States and Great Britain have as yet clearly enough defined that state of existence called cold war, or as yet clearly enough understood all its causes; as a consequence they have been unable to draw up a realistic plan for seeing the thing through together.

Since the cold war began on Soviet terms, it has been defined, from their viewpoint, as "the policy of making mischief by all methods short of war—that is to say, short of war involving the Soviet Union in open hostilities." The point of this strategy, so far as Western observers are able to read the Politburo's mind, is to expand the area of Soviet control without involving Russia in a major war, not only because the Soviets fear our atomic advantage but because Russia still has a huge job of internal construction to do to catch up to us and she would only stand to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lose what industry she has, and therefore what staying-power she has, in the event of an early air war with the West. This condition is expected to apply for at least two more years.

In the meantime, things have been going her way beyond expectation; the record of the cold war to date is a smashing success for Soviet policy. But the deciding test is yet to come. All this time Russia has really been out to get Germany and Japan, whose heavy industry she desperately needs in order to satisfy her own war needs and the wants of the growing millions in her empire. She stands in position now, in Europe and in Asia, to move on these two objectives.

IN THE face of this expansion, the Western nations have applied first the policy of containment (the Berlin blockade) and then, as an extension of the containment idea, the situation-of-strength policy (the Atlantic Pact) in the hope of resisting the Russian advance everywhere, if possible, but above all, to stop it short of Germany and Japan. Up to this point, Britain and the United States have been agreed on general policy.

But beyond this point, they have not been agreed. And, we believe, for two reasons: first, Britain fears that the United States is so impulsive (as witness the Matthews' preventive war speech) and so pressed by certain anti-Administration politicians (for example, McCarthy, Taft and Knowland) that it is all too likely that this country will play the Russian game and get so involved in China as to leave Germany and Japan wide open to the Soviet Army.

The second reason for the present differences between our two countries is that Britain is much more aware than we are of the long-range nature of this cold war, simply because she is more aware of the fact that what the world is witnessing is the uprising of the hungry and the oppressed peoples everywhere, who are in the majority, and this revolt, so Britain believes, would go right on tomorrow even if every Russian were to die at dawn. The British feel that you cannot simply fight this revolt to death because you cannot fight the majority of mankind to death.

In our judgment, the British misgivings are well justified. If anyone doubts the emotional impulsiveness of certain influential voices in the US, let him read, as a good example of it, a recent editorial entitled "This Way To Suicide" in *Life* magazine, in which the editors, after misrepresenting the Truman-Acheson policy as not being tough enough, bang their fists on the desk and call for law and order in the world, proclaiming, in mock-heroic defiance, their willingness to take all the bombs and desolation known and unknown to man. With the playwright, Christopher Fry, we might well ask, "Has death become the fashionable way of living?" At a time when the world wavers on the verge of the most hideous slaughter imaginable, we submit that the Truman-Acheson policy of exhausting every honorable means of defeating thet Soviets without provoking a general war is the only position a Christian can take in good conscience. We agree with Father John Courtney Murray, who said the other day that the "metaphysical materialism that, in its formidable alliance with Soviet power, threatens the world today, cannot be overcome by that practical materialism which, in alliance with sentimental moral idealism, has been the major force behind what is called 'the American way of life.'" And, we have only to add, behind *Life* magazine.

If anyone doubts that we Americans do not yet see the long-range nature of the world's unrest, let him read Stringfellow Barr's pamphlet, "Let's Join the Human Race," in which Mr. Barr so powerfully and so justifiably argues that we can never expect to have peace in the world so long as "the United States is a rich suburb, surrounded by slums."

WE BELIEVE that this cannot long be so. And we believe that although the underlying causes of the present tension between Britain and the United States do, indeed, go to the heart of the cold-war strategy, that tension can be resolved, and to our profit, if the British and American people make an effort to see the whole problem as it is and if our leaders sit down soon and work out a common and articulate policy for resisting Soviet slavery and relieving the hunger of Communism's potential victims. It is a tremendous job we have to do, one that will take nothing but the best we have, the best of hard work and self-sacrifice. From here on in, that and that alone will have to be the fashionable way of life. The men of distinction can go. And let us, by all means, make no mistake about it: this is not merely a national emergency; this thing will be with us for the rest of our lives, however long that may be.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why French Workers See Red

The successes of the Communist Party are built on the failures of others.

By JEAN MAUDUIT

CERTAIN apologists for capitalism and some conservatives who are behind the times are of the opinion that the attraction of Communism is quite clear. They say that the workers desire to get things that are quite definite but not always of a high-minded sort. Workers want better wages and they want revenge on the boss. Peasants who have small holdings, subject to taxes and forced labor, want a redistribution of the land which will allow them to feather their own nests.

The explanation of these conservative theorists is that the unsatisfied needs of these two groups create conditions which make the workers and the peasants easy prey for the Party zealots. And the Party, in its turn, has been most skillful in capitalizing on the feelings of deprivation and resentment among the underprivileged.

The conservatives do not want to condemn the workers and peasants. After all, whose fault is it that they should have given way to hatred? And the fact is that certain Communists—and this is particularly true of Communist sympathizers—limit their aspirations to these concrete objectives. What is striking is that many of them are Communists for these very limited reasons. The impression is that they would rigorously accommodate themselves to some other system—even the capitalist system—provided it gave them the standing they aspire to. If the cost of living should go down and taxes be reduced, or if there were a series of good crop years, their revolutionary spirit would soon die out.

The theory behind all this is that the Communist's dissatisfaction with things as they are goes no deeper than that.

Let me say at once that these theorists are gravely mistaken. The Communist Party does try to make use of all kinds of selfish motives for purposes of electoral propaganda (one need only cite the contradictory campaigns conducted simultaneously in *L'Humanité* against the rise in cost of a loaf of bread and in *La Terre* favoring a rise in the price of wheat). But the essence of its power rests on more solid grounds. Once it has succeeded in enrolling these men, the Party doesn't even wait for them to cast their ballots before it makes use of their passive acquiescence in the propaganda it is spreading or the strike wave it is fomenting. That is its maneuver: get a mass in motion and keep it worked up and involved in disorders. True, there is a special opportunity to exploit uncertainty at election time. But one should not exaggerate the importance of electoral propaganda. The thing is that the Party is continuously at work molding the consciences of its members by words and especially by action.

The character of the methods used by the Communists to influence people must be noted in passing. To attend a meeting, a demonstration or a simple outing, to sign a petition, to join a cultural or sports organization: gradually, with the aid of new friendships, these activities transform a man from a vague sympathizer into a conscious and obedient Communist.

The worker, whom the failings of industrialism condemn to the role of a serf in his factory, is possessed by a great desire for action and for responsibility—both of which the Party permits him to have at all levels. But the most effective of all activities is still the strike; many of the Party leaders, including Thorez, have put that in black and white. Sufferings endured in common forge the strongest bonds between the members, even among those who seem incapable of profound reasons for belonging to the Party.

Even for these people profound reasons are not lacking. First of all there is the great unsatisfied desire for justice. For justice—not just for comfort or for revenge. The workers know that they constitute the best part of the nation, that part which produces most and yet receives the least. They work, and it is the idlers—in any case those who are not productive—who reap the profit. It is simply too unjust.

★

THE MASS of workers are convinced—even when they do not understand a word of it—of the truth of the Marxist theory of surplus value. They do admit that there should be dif-

JEAN MAUDUIT is a French journalist who writes for the Parisian Catholic weekly, Témoignage Chrétien.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ferent wage levels. They recognize and respect intellectual labor and what is its due. But the workers find it scandalous that all a stockholder has to do to receive substantial sums is to sit down four times a year in front of a green-covered table.

In short, the mass of workers are profoundly socialist in outlook. And the Communists have manifested great skill in convincing people that the Socialists have betrayed socialism, that the Communist Party remains the only defender of the working class, and that from now on their destinies are identical.

Then there is the demand for peace. The conviction is, as Jaurès put it, that "capitalism bears war within itself as clouds bear a storm." The Marxist theory of the origin of war has penetrated more deeply than is supposed into the consciousness of the people—whether or not they are able to express that theory in so many words. The profit system brings about depressions; depressions result in militarization; militarization engenders the spirit of power; the spirit of power leads to war. The determinism involved here seems inexorable.

On the other hand, so the appeal goes, only socialism is able to institute on earth a condition of peace with justice. The spectacular peace efforts resorted to by the USSR and her demands for disarmament and the outlawing of the atom bomb are taken by the working masses as final proof of the truth of this claim. The silence or resignation of all other parties on this point does the rest.

There is also that spirit of brotherhood (*fraternité*) which the Communist Party has been able to develop within its own fold. It is a spirit of helping one another. There is little of that sense of superiority which too often the bourgeois—even when they are animated with generous sentiments—adopt toward the common people. The Communists provide the worker with assurance that he is a man, a human person, equal in value to all other men. On this point the morbid psychosis of anti-Communism, wreaking havoc in certain sectors of opinion, has been a powerful aid to the propaganda of the Party.

★

A PRIEST worker wrote me these revealing lines: "I know men who became Communists because of the astounding sympathy that they encountered when they met authentic Communists; they had expected to find conspirators with knives in their teeth."

There is also that hatred of official lies to which the worker's conscience is so sensitive. The unkept promise of a minister or a company, a flagrant political deal, a financial scandal suddenly laid bare: those are the things which do more than all Communist propaganda to thrust the workers into the arms of the Party. If, then, someone attempts to demonstrate the distortions in the Communist press, he will hear in reply that the distortions in the bourgeois press must be combatted with equal vigor. What is the answer to that?

Besides all this, there is, at the higher level, the idea of progress. The working class has begun to realize that it holds its destiny in its own hands, and that consequently it controls the destiny of France herself. For all philosophers of history agree that an inferior class, from the moment that it awakes from its lethargy, becomes the essential factor in the development of a country and the prime mover of its civilization.

Whether we wish it or not, the working class represents an immense reserve of new force, of potentialities not yet realized. The other strata of society have had their hour, assumed their destiny, played their historic roles; the working class has not. But the Communist Party day after day promises to open for the workers all the great doorways to the future. And for those militants who are capable of understanding such language, the Party goes on repeating that it is in step with the movement of history.

★

FINALLY, there is that great void left by the progressive de-christianization of the masses. A *mystique* has disappeared along with the ethical values which it brought with it. A hunger is not appeased, an absence makes itself felt; regardless of its true worth, Communism relieves the former and pretends to remedy the latter. And Christians today have begun to discover the sore distress of a Church which people will not enter. But this is not the time to make accusations.

In short, all the motives that I have outlined strike our ears as so many reproaches. Although we should recognize the truth of this, we need not on that account yield to a sterile delight in morbid and useless remorse and speculation. The power of the Communist Party derives from numerous failures: on the part of the property-possessing classes, government officials, management, intellectuals, and on the part of Catholics. All such failures have left pending a colossal problem to which Communism brings its solution, good or bad.

Proving that a certain solution to a problem is evil or incomplete has never affected the existence of the problem itself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stalin's Big Mistake

The man who might have won Europe's votes chose instead to live by the sword.

By PETER VIERECK

IN EARLY 1945, when the heroism of the ordinary Russian peasant-soldier did so much to help win World War II, Stalin was one of the most popular names in anti-fascist Europe, second only to Roosevelt and Churchill. When Roosevelt died on April 12th, and when Churchill was removed from office by the victory of the Labour Party, Stalin stood first in Europe. He stood first in two respects:

(1) in ideological prestige among the anti-fascist masses of Europe;

(2) in military and material power.

Stalin's fateful choice was whether to win Europe by the first or by the second of these roles: as an anti-fascist liberator, or as a new fascist-style despot, merely substituting his own secret police for Hitler's. Would Stalin win Europe's heart ideologically? Or would he instead conquer Europeans materially by terror, suppression, purges, sabotage, and the Red Army? He chose the second alternative, as shown in his treatment of every country he occupied or threatened.

Doubtless his choice was inherent from the start in the dictatorial and suspicious Soviet psychology and practice. Winning much of Europe materially, he thereby lost the hearts of all of it. Communist parties, among the largest and most dynamic in Europe, in consequence lost their enthusiastic mass-backing, which Russia's victory over Hitler had won them. For example, the French Communist party received the largest number of votes in France's first post-war election. It might be ruling France today, on behalf of its Russian masters, if Stalin had chosen the first instead of the second alternative. As a result of popular disillusionment with Soviet behavior, the French Communist party will scarcely regain these votes.

In fact, Europeans are now recognizing that their Communist parties are not really "parties," are not primarily political at all. Primarily they are military in function: the Foreign Legion of the Red Army.

Even Stalin's worst enemies in America usually admire his political acumen and speak of his "great victories" in foreign policy, meaning his enslavement of Eastern Europe. Actually this assumption of his acumen and his victories is probably an error. Is it really clever to annex some small Czechoslovakia by a criminal *coup* and thereby to lose one's chance of conquering all Europe through the ballot or through gradual economic absorption? The same question may be asked of Hitler's seeming victories and material conquests, which only hastened his ruin.

Stalin is not the "great realist" his enemies believe him to be. No man can understand or control reality whose calculations are based only on material force and power-politics and ignore the very real impact of ethics and spiritual, non-economic motivations. In this sense, Marxism (to reverse Marx's epigram) is the opiate of the Politburo.

★

THESE changes of Stalin's relationship with Europe took place in only three years. The disillusionment of Western Europe's Communist sympathies began when Soviet suppression of Eastern Europe violated the Yalta pledges of free elections. The disillusionment became irrevocable during the Communist seizure of Czechoslovakia in 1948. This seizure symbolized dramatically, for even the most naive to understand, the hollowness of Communist promises to work in peaceful parliamentary fashion with democratic parties. Czechoslovakia's liberal foreign minister Jan Masaryk had advocated for Europe the role of mediating between Russian East and American West. Like President Benes, he had believed Stalin's promises of a free Czechoslovakia. In 1948 his death (suicide or murder) showed wavering Europeans the meaninglessness of Stalin's promises and of any such neutral "third" position.

By 1948-49, America and Europe realized there were only two positions, free or slave, west or east. Americans and Europeans realized (to reapply the phrase of Benjamin Franklin) that they must either hang together or hang separately. This realization resulted in the Atlantic Pact

PETER VIERECK is an Associate Professor of History at Mount Holyoke College and a Pulitzer prize-winning poet. He is the author of Conservatism Revisited.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of 1948-49, uniting America and free Europe.

As a result of the disillusionment with Communism of 1945-48, the majority of Europeans, acting through their elected governments in the United Nations Security Council, stood united in seeing the broader meaning of the Korean crisis that began in late June, 1950. They saw that it was not primarily an attack by North Korea on South Korea but an attack by Soviet Russia on the United Nations, on the whole collective security structure.

At least one mistake was not to be repeated for the benefit of the aggressor of 1950. This was the mistake of selfish nationalistic isolation.

★

BY THEIR resourceful resistance to Nazi tyranny, the Communist undergrounds in every country of Europe had won an enormous reservoir of good will. The millions of Frenchmen and Italians who voted Communist in 1946 had forgotten that Stalin had fought Hitler only because attacked by him. They had forgotten, or had never known, that Stalin had preferred, until attacked, to remain loyal to the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939.

All this seemed forgotten, and the undoubted bravery of the Communist undergrounds was everywhere remembered. By using peaceful and parliamentary means, their prestige and leadership as supposed anti-fascists might have brought about a Communist Europe. By using methods of terror and violence, they lost the ideological battle for Europe in three short years. Russia's present power in Europe reflects not her popularity or shrewdness but our own incredible insanity in disarming after the war while the Red Army remained armed.

In 1945, Stalin was "Uncle Joe" to millions of Europeans and Americans grateful for his aid against Hitler. By 1950, in print and in the still more important private conversations of the cafés, phrases like "Genghiz Khan" or "the new Hitler" were replacing "Uncle." Indefinable, gradual inner changes of attitude like this cannot be measured by the yardstick of statistics nor by the historian of dates and battles. Such changes belong to *ethical history*, the history of *value-judgments*.

No student of history can understand its realities who knows only the military statistics and ignores the changes of value-judgment in the minds of men, whether about Communism or European federation or any other great issue. If man does live by bread alone, then his conflicts are not decided by arms alone. "There are only two powers in the world," said Napoleon in exile, "the sword and the spirit. In the long run the sword is always defeated by the spirit."

FROM FRANCE

Desert Pilgrimage

PERMIT me this time to abandon the role of Parisian reporter and to lead my readers on a pilgrimage—to the desert. The opportunities for encountering silence and escaping for a few weeks from the enervating vortex of the life of the white man are too rare to be refused. When my friend, Father Voillaume, Prior General of the Little Brothers of Foucauld, asked me a few months ago if I would like to cross the Sahara with him, I accepted with enthusiasm.

It was a question of penetrating deep into the Sahara as far as the mysterious mountains of Hoggar. The object of the expedition was to found a community in North Cameroon among the lepers and to make a pilgrimage to all the places where Charles de Foucauld, the hermit of Hoggar, had lived and died; it was the first such pilgrimage made by members of the Order.

★

A WORD about the Order itself. It is almost twenty years since a young Brother and a woman, inspired by the spiritual ideal of Brother Charles of Jesus, decided on their own to found new religious orders. The beginnings were long and difficult: the rule of Father de Foucauld seemed impossible to translate into terms of the communal life. Today there are more than a hundred Little Brothers, more than a hundred Little Sisters. On all shores of the Mediterranean, in the workers' quarters of our large industrial centers, in our fishing ports, wherever men suffer, labor, do not know Christ, these communities exist.

A community is a group of five or six young Brothers or Sisters who share in every detail the daily life of the local working populations. It is a life of work, poverty, mutual aid and prayer. A single word describes this type of existence: Nazareth. As disciples of Father de Foucauld, the Little Brothers and Sisters try to live the life of Jesus the Worker at Nazareth.

It is almost three years since I first came to know them and I think there is no better way to describe the birth of this new Order than to compare it with that of the great Franciscan family in the thirteenth century. There is the same joy, the same simplicity, the same practice of the Beatitudes. That should give you some idea of the atmosphere in which this African journey took place.

We were sixteen in all: seven Sisters, three Brothers and a few lay friends of the Order. It was a picturesque caravan, led by a brand new Dodge that greatly aroused the curiosity of the natives. The journey was hardly a comfortable one. We rode perched under the back flap

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the truck, and we sat on a pile of canteens, kettles and mattresses. Shrouded in hoods, capes and blankets to protect us from the wind and carting our wash tubs and sailors' bags, we looked like a pack of gypsies on moving day or immigrants going West.

But the spectacle which opened before our eyes was too grandiose and our joy at the splendor of this unknown work of creation too intense for us even to notice the discomfort. It is now ten days since I returned to France and my eyes are still filled with those unforgettable and infinitely varied visions: palm groves in the setting sun, dunes of yellow sand, vast black plateaus stretching out toward the infinite, fantastic piles of rocks, mountains of astounding shapes.

The first illusion to go is that the desert is monotonous. It might have been possible to get that impression fifty years ago, when the only means of transport was a camel; at that time crossing the sands of the Grand Erg or the rocky plateau of the Tademait took from eight to ten days. But in a truck today it hardly takes forty-eight hours. From Algiers to Fort-Lamy new vistas presented themselves every day to our dazzled eyes.

Words are powerless to describe the amazing colors of the sky, the rocks and the sand. The total absence of humidity in the atmosphere tends to put everything in bold relief with a luminosity and purity that the world must have had at its creation. Every morning we had the feeling that we were waking up in the midst of untouched nature. The almost complete absence of human beings did not bother us at all. In certain gorges of the Hoggar the men we encountered seemed out of place; it struck us that prehistoric animals or fabulous beings would have been more suitable against this fantastic background of lunar peaks, desolate circuses and huge fortified castles.

Whenever we reached an oasis, all that changed.

★

AT TAMANRASSET, in the heart of the Hoggar, we went by camel for seven days to get to Asekrem, a plateau nine thousand feet above sea level where Father de Foucauld had built a summer hermitage. When I say seven days by camel, I mean seven days on foot. For in all the Sahara you will very seldom see men astride their mounts; in order to conserve its strength, they have each beast carry only a pack saddle and they draw it after them on a tether.

We walked, then, for seven days, along sandy gullies, across seemingly endless plateaus, up lofty mountains. On many occasions the footing was so rough we did not know where to place our feet among the rocks. At noon the sun beat down with terrible intensity, while at five in the morning things were frozen solid and we shivered in our blankets under brilliant stars. Every so often above the black rocks the silhouette of a Touareg woman would appear, veiled, beautiful as a Hindu, draped in blue cotton cloth, and with silver bracelets on her arms and legs.

The way was harsh and long. We went forward in silence, subdued by fatigue, the sun and the magnificence of these ancient landscapes. On returning to the little center of Tamanrasset after this march of 125 miles, we understood the joy that caravan nomads must feel when, after weeks and months on a journey, they behold on the horizon the graceful silhouette of their own palm grove. There was the fresh murmur of running water, and the shadows cast by the walls and the trees, and above all the restfulness of the green groves.

In the course of this journey we knew we had rediscovered some of the elementary joys of man. Are the Negroes, Arabs and Touaregs conscious of the beauty of their way of life or are they envious of Western luxury? You get the impression that our technology, our sanitary facilities, our arts and our customs leave them totally indifferent. Is it philosophical serenity, mental laziness, fatalism—who can say?

"Who made the bed of this stream?" a French teacher from Tamanrasset asked a Touareg warrior one day.

"Allah," replied the other, shrugging his shoulders.

"That is no answer, Allah!" retorted the teacher, intending to arouse in the Touareg either some intellectual curiosity or else the need for a rational explanation. And he explained how rain water destroyed the rocks by erosion and dug its path in the soil, and so forth.

"Where does the rain come from?" asked the Touareg, apparently interested.

"From the clouds," said the teacher.

"And the clouds?"

"Ultimately from the sun."

"And who made the sun?" persisted the imperturbable Touareg.

To bring the discussion to an end the teacher finally said "Allah."

"You are right," said the Touareg, smiling.

★

OF ALL the people with whom we had contact, the veiled men were unquestionably the most fascinating. After the defeats which the Touareg warriors inflicted on French soldiers and explorers in the last century, it is easy to understand that these nomad tribes should have assumed legendary stature in the minds of Europeans.

Some professed to see in these peoples the long lost sons of Atlantis, the mysterious inhabitants of a continent which has disappeared. Others looked upon the pommels of their saddles, the sheaths of their swords, or the multiplicity of crosses in their writing, as reasons for making them the last descendants of the Crusaders, who took refuge in the Hoggar after the capture of Palestine by the Arabs.

Today the Touaregs are no longer mysterious to us. Scientific missions have linked them to the Berbers and through them to Indo-European or Hamitic peoples who lived in North Africa before the Roman conquest. French occupation has deprived of prestige and reduced to idleness all these noble warriors whose only occupation used to be to organize raids on caravans going from the Sudan to Morocco or Tripoli. They wander about now, unemployed, incapable of devoting themselves to cultivating the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soil—a task they consider beneath them. Their vassals become wealthy; but they themselves calmly accept their own decay and are unwilling to lift a finger to improve their lot.

Even though they are no longer mysterious, it is impossible not to feel their strange attraction. What dignity in their slow and majestic gait. From the black or blue "litham" which partly veils their face, what a surprisingly fiery look there is.

In the course of our journey by camel we were received in one of their encampments. They treated us according to the laws of Saharan hospitality. The chiefs wished us "only peace and joy." Women set up a tent for us in the midst of the rocks and then a beautiful black kid was killed and they solemnly brought us the first pieces.

As they did so, the sun was setting in the horizon, illuminating this whole scene, the sheepskin tents a bright red. It was like being suddenly transported to the earliest times when prehistoric men must have lived thus; and so it must have been for the patriarchs of the Old Testament, living in this peace and majestic simplicity.

★

IT IS CLEAR that Charles must have loved this people and the whole frame of their life; it was to all this that the former Trappist of Our Lady of the Snows came, having been impelled to leave his monastery by a greater love of God and a greater love of men.

Whoever has not personally experienced the desert can hardly comprehend the continuity of activities in Charles' life, his life as an explorer of the forbidden villages in Morocco and later as a toothless old priest wandering through the Sahara and the Hoggar on foot to give needles to Negresses and dates to children and to try to make them understand a page of the Bible. These activities, however, are all consistent. And I do not believe that I am being venturesome in saying that similar motives also led a Lawrence, proconsul of Arabia, to choose voluntarily the lot of a second-class soldier in some English regiment.

The desert exercises an irresistable attraction for souls seeking God or an absolute. In this world of pure line, penetrated by the infinite and consumed by the sun, nothing appears to distract the human mind from the thought of the one thing necessary. This world of the Sahara leads the creature to strip himself in an act of deep renunciation such as God expects of His elect.

From the viewpoint of Providence I see no other justification for the existence of this bare and useless universe. This is a reservoir of silence and of solitude, a place for withdrawal, a place man has the most profound need of today. But he must hurry. Already geologists, engineers and technicians are scouring these vast expanses of sand and rock, seeking oil and various strategic metals. A few generations more and even the possibility of becoming a hermit will exist no longer.

ROBERT BARRAT.

SO THEY TELL ME

Koestler Revisited

"BUT, you can't," she said to me,, "take a character in a book and make him a symbol, a type."

We had been talking about Gletkin, and I had been maintaining with a kind of casualness, the casualness in which you discover that you have pronounced a dogma—since someone resists it and resents it and you thought it had not needed proof or demonstration—that the men we were resisting in Korea, the men against whom we were opposing civilization and civilized man, were men we did not wholly understand and only half believe in, since we had never met them. Or, rather, that the ideologues, the leaders, the disciplinarians who formed and shaped and fixed the character .nd content of the lives of men who attacked and fought under Communist banners were men with whom we had but scant acquaintance.

That these men could be met, so that they could be felt and realized, analyzed, known, made understood; the character of their aggression grasped, the quality of their intensity and hatred seized, knowledge running before belief and helping belief—that all this could be done, an image raised and sharp remaining in the retina of the mind was, I had maintained, made possible by Arthur Koestler. And she had disagreed with the kind of vehemence that only the literate and well-read seem to save for dealing with books. And she was annoyed, with the kind of fruitless anger that characterizes impotence, that I had been requiring some of my students, to the degree that one can require his students to do anything, to read *Darkness at Noon*.

★

BUT if civilization, as we know it, should perish, and one lonely American artist remained alive to sketch the fallen archways of the George Washington Bridge, or the ruins of St. Patrick's Cathedral, he would be paying nostalgic tribute to the works of man, the soul of man in which his conqueror would not have believed; and the legioned name of his conqueror would be Gletkin.

Gletkin—the new man, the newest kind of man the world has known since the Visigoth rudely pounded on St. Peter's Roman gate—is one of the most startling and fully realized characters that the world of political fiction has ever known. If one should choose a single reason, rather than any others, to make understandable why the Communists, after Vichy France, bought and burned all copies of *Darkness at Noon* they could lay rude hands on, that reason, I think, would be the pre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vention of the disclosure of the existence and the person and the character of Gletkin.

For Gletkin is the product and the triumph and the personification of the wholly enclosed and insulated world—himself a creature and a creator, himself a successor and a precursor of a system in which the past is annulled and its history, not so much kept hidden, secret, but destroyed. Gletkin is as innocent of the past, of any past beyond his own personal remembering, as the first child born after the Ark had rested and the waters had abated and receded; and as evil, or as capable of evil as the bigoted is capable of evil, who has given himself, dedicated himself to a world that is the universe, whose dogmas are universals, whose beliefs have been formed in a refrigerated atmosphere and which have never suffered contradiction, since contradiction, as a practice, is unknown, and is heresy by anticipation.

This is true not only because Gletkin is a Communist —Rubashov is that, also, and Ivanov—but because he has not lived in two worlds, known two pasts, participated in two cultures. Gletkin *is* a culture, like to the culture you produce and warm into germ-filled life in a stoppered test tube.

Rubashov opposes himself to Gletkin as one who proceeds from a different structure of relationships, whose values, even within the same system of political desires, are dissimilar. Rubashov finds that "this was the generation which started to think after the flood. It had no traditions and no memories to bind it to the old, vanished world. It was a generation born without umbilical cord." And again: "The Gletkins had nothing to erase; they need not deny their past, because they had none. They were born without umbilical cord, without frivolity, without melancholy."

★

IF THOSE are the men in the enemy tanks, the men persuaded by the Vishinskys, the men who ride the Soviet planes, the great mass of Soviet soldiers and civilians, believing—with no other discoverable universe of moral reference—that, as Gletkin puts it, "truth is what is useful to humanity, falsehood what is harmful," two problems are posed to us.

The first is that it is possible for us to fight Communism on a purely physical level as a mere exercise in physical self-preservation. With this there is nothing necessarily wrong. Out of such kind of warfare physical victory, merely physical, national survival may emerge. But it is hardly the opposition of one kind of society to another. It is hardly a spiritual exertion; hardly the kind of stuff is in it out of which to build Mr. Peter Viereck's call for "a crusade." It is not the kind of exertion made by a people who think destiny has marked them for the spiritual, the moral leadership of the twentieth century.

If, then, it is not enough; if we are to go engaging in a crusade in the unalterable belief that something beyond the physical, beyond the superiority of force is involved, that "life in human society is an unending St. Crispin's Day," then we have to ask ourselves: what do we really believe?

Do we believe that "every slightest political act is a *responsibility* of infinite moral significance"? Why "infinite"? Have we given over in so large numbers all wholly finite conceptions that we now cling to the infinitely morally significant.? Do we believe death to be the end of life and its end's meaning? Is man transcendent over his material, over all material—the measure of the universe?

Do we believe in Truth? Have we given over the amiable idiocy of

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty
> That is all
> Ye need to know on earth, and all ye need
> to know.

Do we believe all truth pragmatic, or is there objective truth, objective value, objective anything?

It is acute of Koestler to distinguish Gletkin from Ivanov and Rubashov by the absence of frivolity and of melancholy. But all of them are distinguished from us only if, besides frivolity and melancholy, there is a belief in freedom as being defined as responsibility, since there is truth, and since there is a universe of moral choice, of moral ends and means, and of the recognition of individual man, not as a "grammatical fiction," but as a being capable of making choices—neither an exercise in arithmetic, nor a prisoner.

★

ON THOSE grounds Communism is more than an enemy in Korea, or on the edges of Formosa. Hong Kong, on those grounds, is more than an economic investment; on those grounds the poverty in the East is the spiritual degradation of man, and America more than the fear of bombs in New York, more than the sum of its factories. For however else you define totalitarianism, it is, among all its other features, an arranged and fixed society in which the will of man, the morally electing feature of man is politically denied and annulled. "The definition of the individual was: a multitude of one million divided by one million." That is why one can ask Mr. Viereck, Suppose we Americans put the question to ourselves that Rubashov, sentenced, asks: "Why had not the Public Prosecutor asked him: 'Defendant Rubashov, what about the infinite?' "

Would we, like Pilate, wash our hands and stay not for our answer?

Rubashov, sentenced, goes on talking to himself, if you will, talking back to the unseen, victorious Gletkin, whose "notable constitution theory" has triumphed, talk-to himself: "Soon it would be over. But when he asked himself, For what actually are you dying? he found no answer.

"It was a mistake in the system; perhaps it lay in the precept which until now he held to be uncontestable, in whose name he had sacrificed others and was himself being sacrificed: in the precept, that the end justifies the means. . . .

"Perhaps the heart of the evil lay there. Perhaps it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

did not suit mankind to sail without ballast. And perhaps reason alone was a defective compass, which led one on such a winding, twisted course that the goal finally disappeared in the mist.

"Perhaps now would come the time of great darkness."

But Gletkin still is triumphant and all the Gletkins prepare for war; they do *not* "wear monk's cowls, and preach that only purity of means can justify the ends."

★

YES, Gletkin *is* a symbol. And I shall go on asking my students to meet him before he meets them; secure in the knowledge that I am not doing any violence either to truth or to aesthetics.

I could be persuaded to believe, with Mr. Viereck, that life in human society is an unending St. Crispin's Day, that we might, the last of the conquerors, bring abiding peace into a weary world, if I could have less doubt about the answers to the ethical questions I have raised here. I would have less doubt if life around me in the United States, in all our institutions, gave me hope that our responses to Korea and beyond were not visceral responses full of fear and of anger; if I saw more evidence in our politics and in our industrial conflict, in our aesthetic, in our cultural life that men believe what they say they believe, that they believe what Mr. Viereck believes about our slightest political act, that the commercial quality of our life could be adduced as proof of it.

I am not quarrelling here with Mr. Viereck. But I often wonder when I read the moralities, or lack of them, the Communists admit to, if it is true, indeed, that we immediately accept Mr. Viereck's conclusions; that ours is a national exercise of the spirit; that we are, in fact, as morally superior as we pretend to be; that there is some equation of our ethical with our physical strength; that the evidence of our purity is round about me and I do not see; that in more places than I know men ask the psalmist's question: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

FRANCIS DOWNING.

American Bishops' Appeal

THIS year the drive for the Bishops' Fund for Victims of War will be conducted from February 25 to March 4 in all American parishes. A sum of five million dollars will be sought primarily for people in Korea and the Far East; for the ten and a half million expellees in Germany and Austria; for Christian Arab refugees in the Middle East and those from the Iron Curtain countries; for surplus populations in Italy, Germany and Austria. Last year's drive enabled the War Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference to send two million dollars worth of food, clothing and medicine to Korea alone, while nearly eight million pounds of these vital commodities were dispatched to Germany.

The Stage

ANGEL IN THE PAWNSHOP

I ONCE had a teacher who was fond of extolling the virtues of imagination. "Why, I can stand here," he would say, "and, although my body is rooted in this spot, my mind can go traveling over sun and moon, off into space, imagining worlds I never saw and even worlds that never existed. That's imagination." I remember thinking at the time that it wasn't, but I didn't know why. Later it came to me that he hadn't been talking about imagination, but invention, and invention of a pretty simple kind at that. The two are often confused, by playwrights as well as by other people, and A. B. Shiffrin, who has written Eddie Dowling's new play, is an acute sufferer from this particular form of moonshine.

Imagination is the power to form images of reality which render reality itself more intense, whereas invention is the power to construct hypothetical states beyond and even contrary to any reality we may have known. Invention produces Superman, but imagination produces Don Quixote. Mr. Shiffrin has produced a quaint Irish pawnbroker who runs a magical shop in which the doorbells ring out a psychological estimate of each character as he enters. Into the shop comes a young lady who has never grown up, and who proceeds to change her clothes every three minutes, dance, shudder, confess to having lived platonically with a notorious gangster, and promptly falls is love with a young writer who presumably *has* grown up but whose conversation would have sickened the late James M. Barrie. All in all, this young man is the greatest argument against maturity to which I have ever been exposed, but he finally does sober the girl up to his own level of whimsy, the pawnbroker is shot by the gangster, the chandelier lights up from time to time, and nothing all night suggests any resemblance, not even coincidentally, to the human species living or dead.

While it is perfectly true that our strict realistic forms need loosening up, and while it is also true that no good image is ever very literal, the fact remains that no matter how odd and elliptical the image may be, its effect must be that of recognition. The familiar is rediscovered in an unfamiliar setting. Even Saroyan—who is very much to the point here, since Shiffrin is obviously indebted to him—is full of lines and atmospheric bits of business which strike home, which remind us of the connection between his people and ourselves. Saroyan's people may be uninhibited, but they are not inhuman. They are more or less ourselves cut loose, set free to act on impulse; the impulse may be sentimental, but it does correspond to feelings we actually have. Shiffrin gives us the erratic surface of Saroyan without any of the common insights, and the effect is agonizing. He has also thrown in a little Robert Nathan to boot, a com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bination of talents which cannot conceivably be in the public interest. His biggest mistake, however, has been to assume that any departure from reality qualifies as imagination, and that the further you get, the more imaginative you are.

The only imagination displayed on the stage of the Booth is in the production Mr. Dowling has provided. The setting by John E. Blankenchip is charming, Mr. Blankenchip's lighting is fluid and expressive, Will Irwin's incidental music is very good to listen to, and John Larson's stage direction is remarkably unpretentious considering the pomposities of the play. What Mr. Dowling has done is to create a perfect production for a play that never existed. (*At the Booth.*)

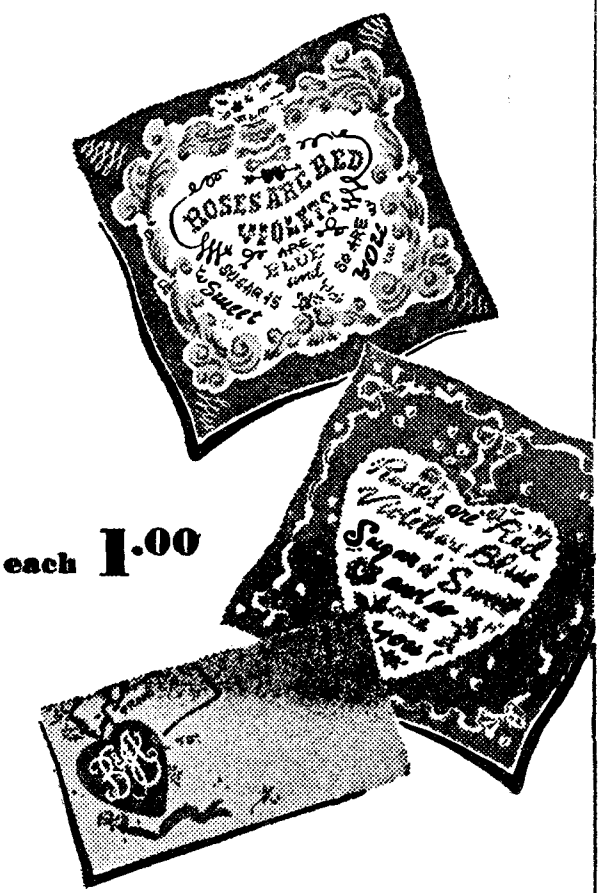
FOUR TWELVES ARE 48

JOSEPH KESSELRING, author of "Arsenic and Old Lace" has this time conceived a comic situation which takes precisely four minutes' acting time to exploit. Toward the end of the first act, the twelve-year-old ingenue sits down with the other distaff members of the household to be informed that the woman she regards as her mother is really her great-grandmother and that the female relatives nearer her own age are in turn her grandmother and her mother. Each, it develops, has given birth illegitimately at the age of twelve, and it is now to the family interest to see that she *doesn't*. This sequence, unlikely as it seems, is mildly amusing, more or less in the manner of those old jokes about nephews being their own great-uncles. The effort of making this little mathematical joke, however, exhausts Mr. Kesselring, and he thereafter is able to supply the ingenue with nothing more than some half-hearted scenes out of "Kiss and Tell" and the rest of the company with a lot of idle profanity. I believe Mr. Kesselring once wrote plays for what is known as the amateur market, and if so he has come down with an occupational complaint. A writer for the amateur market is under injunction to avoid, as the plague, Sex and Swearing. After some years of feeling unduly bound by these limitations, and prostrate from the effort to think up new twists on the junior prom, he fondly begins to imagine that all he has to do to make his work professional is to add the missing ingredients. Whereupon he adds them in the lavish manner of a little boy who is determined to show that he has grown up, his play quickly closes, and he is right back at the junior prom. Whether or not this may be fairly said of Mr. Kesselring, "Four Twelves Are 48" had a strong air of the junior prom packed up with illegitimacy, and it put an intolerable strain on the talents of some exceptionally able actors: Anne Revere, Ernest Truex, Hiram Sherman, Ludwig Donath, Doro Merande, and the attractive Pat Crowley. Only Mr. Sherman survived at all. (*Closed at the 48th St.*)

WALTER KERR.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



each 1.00

"hearts and flowers"

Carl Tait designs on gay

Valentine gift handkerchiefs

Tuck them in our special envelope for gift mailing . . . bright linen handkerchiefs with hand-rolled edges . . . romantically designed just for Altman's.

Altman women's handkerchiefs, main floor

. . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

Write, or phone MUrray Hill 9-7000 for 3 or more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Screen

SOOTHING THAT SAVAGE BREAST

AS A RULE films about music and musicians sound good to the ear but are pretty dull visually. Once the camera has shown us what the musician looks like, it relaxes into a static stupor and audiences wonder why they didn't stay at home and listen to the music, good as it may be, by way of records or radio. Producers Rudolph Polk, Bernard Luber and Edmund Reek have thought up something different in the line of musical movies; and while *Of Men and Music* won't exactly send either the long-hairs or the jitter-bugs into raptures of ecstasy, it will please many movie-goers for both what they see and hear.

It is divided into four separate parts, the first three of which were directed by Irving Reis. After Deems Taylor makes the obvious introduction about music being the one language understood by all men regardless of race or creed, the film settles down to its first artist: Artur Rubinstein, who proves he greatly underestimates himself when he protests that he is not an actor. In between his fine performance at the piano (Mendelssohn, Liszt and two Chopins) Rubinstein wisecracks generally, talks about himself and family, and exhibits enough charm to make one wonder why he hasn't been grabbed off by the movies before. The final scene with Artur at the piano and his kids on his lap while he plays "Pop Goes the Weasel" is a cornish delight.

In the second part of "Of Men and Music," Jan Peerce and Nadine Connor of the Metropolitan Opera Company show that they too can be very gracious before the camera. Their act includes several solo arias and finally a duet from "Lucia." The third part of the film concentrates on Jascha Heifetz and there's nothing skittish in this section. Mr. Heifetz takes his music seriously and strenuously; and as your ears enjoy his beautiful playing (Bach, Debussy, Paganini) your eyes are impressed with his fleeting hands and immobile face. You may find your face wearing his painful expression, but there won't be anything painful about what you hear.

The final section of "Of Men and Music," and my favorite, shows Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra during rehearsals of portions of the Third Movement of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony. It is wonderful both to see and hear. Directed by Alex Hammid, the camera catches Mitropoulos' hands as they dance expressively through bar after bar of the music and lead the orchestra on. We see the conductor's powerful face change with the music and we see the musicians as they respond to his hands and face. This part of the film is so well done that you may wonder if Deems Taylor shouldn't have said that cinema as well as music speaks a universal language. In any case "Of Men and Music" is a treat not to be missed.

MOVIEGOERS who have to see their action on a more earthy and violent level may find some of this week's other releases more to their liking. *The Enforcer* carries cinematic violence to a new high—or I should say to a new low. Actually this film purports to show how an assistant district attorney in charge of homicide finally solves a case of many year's standing against a gang of killers who sell murder as a commodity. Because this organization (which has the smell of an outfit once known as Murder, Incorporated) is run so anonymously and because the killers used by the gang never know the motive that inspires the customer to pay for the killing, the police have too few clues to work on. As the Assistant DA, Humphrey Bogart shows how hard the police really work; and the solution to this difficult problem is fascinating. But Director Bretaigne Windust thought he had to visualize everything; and after the first half-dozen murders. I found myself getting a bit squeamish. Neither Mr. Bogart and the excellent supporting cast around him nor the fact that the film's sentiments were on the side of law and order can sell me on "The Enforcer" with all its visualized brutality and crime.

★

THE subject of ex-convicts in action seems to fascinate our movie makers. In *Cry Danger,* Dick Powell plays a tough mug who was framed for a murder he didn't commit. How he proves his innocence once he's out of jail is fairly interesting, but during the process you have to sit through an awful lot of sleuthing that belongs to the hard-boiled school; and after a while even the tough talk and fisticuffs begin to fall into a wornout pattern.

★

A LITTLE different twist is given to the parolee story in *The Company She Keeps,* in which Jane Greer shows that she really is a bad girl after she gets out of prison, so bad in fact that she steals the boy friend (Dennis O'Keefe) of the parole officer who's supposed to keep an eye on her. As the parole officer, Lizabeth Scott plays a sympathetic role for a change and she handles the assignment well. Although the boy friend involved is a rather weak character, "The Company She Keeps" manages to hold your interest mainly through Director Richard Cromwell's absorption with the problems arising between the two girls; and he employs a realism unusual in this kind of film.

★

DIRECTOR Felix E. Feist tried to use this same kind of realism in a little thriller called *The Man Who Cheated Himself,* but he got bogged down in plot and he let a talky script run away with good intentions. The cast is excellent: Jane Wyatt kills her husband and then inveigles detective Lee J. Cobb to cover up for her; they almost get away with their crime, but Lee's young brother (John Dall) who is also a detective learned his lessons too well. The use of the San Francisco locale and the frightening suspense make the story seem more believable than it is. But even as it is, it will give you more than one goose pimple. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tito and the War on the West

By MAX FISCHER

YUGOSLAVIA is a country where East meets West, where the energy of the occidental civilization and the colorful fancy of the orient blend together. If you are sitting in front of one of the numerous coffee-houses on the main streets of Belgrade, you see as many types of people as in any international port: the rich and jovial hog-breeding farmers from the Cumadija in wide home-woven trousers over their respectable bellies; long lean figures from the Crna Gora in their many-colored garb, strutting with quixotic dignity; beautiful Rumanian women in their national costumes who make the eyes of the coffee-house habitués pop; Germans from the Vojvodina, strolling by slowly with old-fashioned decorum; shining-eyed Dalmatians with the vivid gesticulation of the Mediterranean; formal gentlemen from Zagreb who will kiss a lady's hand when they greet her; gallant Serbian officers arm in arm with their little mothers in peasant clothes; gypsies in rags, their babies on their backs; stern Muslims from Bosnia with red fezes; plump merchants from Negotin with dark brown wine-stains on their coats; tiny girls wearing Turkish trousers, whose little faces are hidden in great slices of watermelon which they suck leisurely in the thick of the traffic; Orthodox monks with magnificent beards who watch the parade from near-sighted eyes.

But in spite of the manifold facets of the street life, there is one national spirit that unites Yugoslavia: a common feeling that the nation is different from both the oriental and the occidental peoples, a country with a civilization older than that of Italy, with a great heroic history and still greater times to come.

The shift of Tito from vassal of Stalin to ally of the Western democratic powers has a great appeal to many strata of the nation: even to the expropriated bourgeoisie which received its ideas of culture from French and German books, to the officers who admired the manners of the British gentleman, to the old socialists who studied the writings of Marx in the German original, to the Croatian and Slovenian Catholics who look to Rome for guidance, to students of technology who devour the American professional magazines; and besides these to all the professors, physicians and engineers who had the best time of their lives at western and middle European universities and had suffered considerably as long as the Iron Curtain fell west of their country. Whatever the

MAX FISCHER, a former European journalist, now teaches at the New School for Social Research in New York.

February 14th

will see four books published by Sheed & Ward:

FOR GOODNESS' SAKE
by William Lawson, S.J.

The author once asked his students if they had noticed how *attractive* goodness is. They said "No." Amused, but a little alarmed, Father Lawson wrote this book to show why the answer ought to have been "yes." And it does. $2.25.

ROMAN ROAD
by George Lamb

"All roads lead to Rome," as they say, and there seems to be a different one for every convert. George Lamb's road started from the drabbest of Manchester working-class surroundings. Nothing could have seemed less likely than his conversion. But here he is. $2.25.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE DEAD?
by J. P. Arendzen, D.D.

All we can know for sure about the state of souls in heaven and hell, purgatory and limbo. Dr. Arendzen is particularly good on the fullness and richness of the life of heaven. This, and the book following, are reprints of books published 20 years ago, but neither is on a subject on which our information has changed in that time. $3.50

THE FAITH OF THE ROMAN CHURCH
by C. C. Martindale, S.J.

Not only what Catholics believe, but *why* they believe it, starting from the existence of God and going on from there. A remarkably useful book to have around for enquirers. $2.50

On March 1st comes
The Knox HOLY WEEK BOOK

In this, the translation throughout is by Msgr. Ronald Knox. Better order it now—we don't *expect* to run short of stock, but if we do, there will be no more before Holy Week 1952. $2.50

order books from your bookstore

The February-March Trumpet will be about ready when you read this—if you don't already get it, and would like to know more about these books and the others we are publishing this Spring, ask Lucy MacGill to send it to you —it comes free and postpaid.

SHEED & WARD NEW YORK 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

motives for Tito's changed policy, the turn toward the West gives great satisfaction to all these.

Only with a good knowledge of the complex life of Yugoslavia are you able to understand why it is just this country that started reorienting itself to the West while the same attempt failed in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Albania. The about-face of Tito has been the one great gain of American foreign policy during the last years. But it was a childish illusion, due to ignorance of both Yugoslavia and China, to expect that this scheme might work everywhere and Mao might develop into "another Tito."

★

IN THE face of these realities it is desirable for the student of contemporary politics to investigate the phases of Tito's alienation. This story can now be studied in Hamilton Fish Armstrong's comprehensive book *Tito and Goliath* (*Macmillan* $3.50). Armstrong is well known as the editor of the quarterly *Foreign Affairs*. For nearly three decades the Balkans have been his special interest. During the First World War he was acting military attaché to the American Legation in Belgrade and in the following years a Balkan correspondent for the New York *Evening Post*. Since then the author has often revisited his favorite peninsula, twice during the last year. Thus he is certainly an authority in exposing Tito's relations with the Western world. We might even assume from some details of his book that he had a hand in some recent American-Yugoslav agreements.

At present Soviet propaganda is working busily in debunking Tito. It is a notorious fact that Tito came to the fore in his country as the Kremlin's puppet, trained in Moscow and charged with purging the Yugoslav Communist Party as early as 1937. The Cominform claims now that Tito was a stool pigeon of the Royal Yugoslav police, who infiltrated into the party as the spy of the "reactionaries." Under these circumstances it is interesting to compile the story of Josip Broz, alias Tito. But even in this most recent version, his biography remains strangely incomplete.

The misunderstandings between Stalin and Tito started early in the forties. It seems that they originated from diverse opinions on agrarian policy. Yugoslavia has no great estates like many other countries of eastern Europe; it was already a country of small land-holders when the Bolsheviks took over. Tito hesitated to carry the class struggle into the villages and to prepare for the collectivization of agriculture, as he regarded the peasantry as an "organic whole" and the strongest pillar of any Yugoslav state. More and more he showed himself unwilling to be a mere tool of the Kremlin. Thus he split the Communist world and managed for several years to swing independently between the two great world fronts.

The Korean war ended this audacious policy and brought Yugoslavia, as we may hope now, into our Western camp. On September 5, 1950, the Yugoslav foreign minister condemned the North Korean aggression as endangering world peace and implicitly therewith the aggressive expansion of Stalinism.

The change of the original attitude of the Yugoslavs toward Far Eastern policy was certainly caused by the fear that Yugoslavia might be the next victim of Stalinist expansion and that her neighbors, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania and Albania, might be encouraged to invade Tito's country just as the North Koreans had invaded South Korea. Belgrade understood that only by rebuking the Communist aggression in Korea would it have a chance to enjoy the protection of the United Nations, if Yugoslavia was to be the next victim of Stalinist aggression.

No doubt, the political shift of Yugoslavia is of considerable advantage to the defense of the West. As long as Stalin and Tito worked amicably together in the Bolshevization of the world, the free city of Trieste was a spear at Italy's throat. The Communist fifth column in Italy was strengthened by the Communist Tito regime on the eastern frontiers. But since Tito's about-face the Italian Communists are isolated. There is no longer an imminent danger that the Adriatic might be closed to Allied traffic by the Yugoslavian navy. The Allies will now be able to defend themselves against any Soviet attempts from Italian naval and air bases, and Greece is no longer isolated and in imminent danger.

★

IN SPITE of the limited size of the country, we should not underestimate the value of Yugoslavia as an ally. Its geopolitical position is favorable for the bombing of the little Soviet puppet states. Tito has now between 30 and 35 highly trained divisions under arms. Including militia and some other units, he maintains about half a million men in a state of immediate war readiness. According to Armstrong, his trained reserves number upward of three-quarters of a million—a great part of which has had experience in combat. In case of full mobilization, Yugoslavia's total strength might thus amount to considerably more than a million soldiers and be superior to the armies of Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary and Albania combined. Unfortunately, much of the Yugoslav equipment is of Soviet manufacture that can't be replaced under present conditions. Since Yugoslavia has no strong heavy industry, the American arsenal must also supply Yugoslavia. But this support may remain within modest limits as the strength of the Yugoslav army is based on guerilla fighting in the mountainous regions. At least Tito's army, in the event of war, might be capable of holding the enemy in the Serbian and Bosnian mountains till the Western Allies have landed troops in the favorable harbors of Sebenik, Split, and Dubrovnik.

The Cominform has tried hard to exploit the internal conflicts in Yugoslavia. In case of war the enemy would certainly try to profit especially from the delicate situation in Macedonia. There are several wishful theories about the Macedonians, though it is a matter of fact that they are neither Serbs nor Bulgars but a Southern Slav tribe with a language, close to the old Church

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slavonic, which is between the language of Belgrade and Sofia. But Macedonian is not a literary language. Thus the Macedonians who learn to read and to write, learn either Serbian or Bulgarian, and according to their education they are easily brought to regard themselves as chauvinistic Serbs or Bulgars.

The present Macedonian state, integrated into the Yugoslav Federalist Republic, is of course administered by people educated in Serbian schools that have existed in the greater part of Macedonia since the end of the Balkan Wars, nearly four decades now. But in Sofia and southwest Bulgaria there is still a large group of Bulgarophile Macedonians (educated in Macedonian schools before 1912 or later in Bulgaria proper).

This group, formerly favored by Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, is at present courted and subsidized by the Kremlin. We can be sure that in case of war Bulgaria will first of all try an invasion into Yugoslav Macedonia, bringing, with the army, the ambitious leaders of a "Free Macedonia" that wants to be integrated into Bulgaria. Thus we must expect that there will be a stiff guerilla fight in the south of Yugoslavia, which means on the very frontier of Greece.

Since the Balkan peninsula is still the powderkeg of Europe, all these questions are of utmost importance. Balkan conditions should, therefore, be studied most carefully, as even local questions may be of decisive influence in the first phase of another war.

★

IN SPITE of his collaboration with the West, Tito continues to regard himself as a Communist. He continues to fight the Catholic Church and any religious utterance. There may be some little matters in which he modified his bureaucratic and centralistic administration, but he was most careful to explain that this was not a watering down of Communist principles, but a reversion to pure Marxist precepts which had been perverted by Stalin. Of course, many people, especially the faithful and the former ruling classes, might have wished Tito's policy reversed, with his break from Stalin. But Tito feels, and it seems also the politicians in Washington do too, that for the present it is better to have a reliable Communist Yugoslavia than an inner strife which may give back Yugoslavia to Stalin.

It seems that the deep resentment of Tito against the Church is based not only on Leninist doctrine but also on petty personal grievances. Until Josip Broz reached the age of twelve, he was an obedient Catholic boy who served as an acolyte in the village church. According to a comrade's story, he fumbled one day in trying to hook up a robe on the back of a stout priest. The priest cuffed him. Josip walked out and never set foot in church again. How much or little truth there may be in this story, it seems evident that Stalin's precepts for fighting the Church were strengthened by Tito's personal resentment so that this may remain for him the hardest point of reform. Anyway, our foreign policy is interested in keeping Tito in power, and it would fail if some Stalinist successor were put in his place.

Communications

Vernacular in the Liturgy

New Haven, Conn.

TO THE EDITORS: Had I been wearing a hat, I should have thrown it into the air after reading Mr. Cort's excellent and timely article! I feel that if Latin could be disestablished, so to say, as the language of our liturgy, a whole new world of religious meaning would be within easy reach of Catholics. Dialogue Masses in Latin are fine, for my money, but the difficulties inherent even in this fuller participation in what is going on at the altar only serve to point up the advantages to be derived from the use of the vernacular. Protestant worship may have no sacrifice, but at least the congregation is in a position to know what is taking place, and, what is more important, to take an active part in it. A bilingual, or even a simple English missal enables Catholics to know what is going on (and even to follow the Mass if the priest doesn't go too rapidly), but missal or no missal, there is still something frustrating in kneeling there in silence, unless one is lucky enough to assist at a rare dialogue Mass. Union of hearts is great, but union of voices, in a language we all can understand, is so much better.

CORMAC G. CAPPON.

Sunnyside, Wash.

TO THE EDITORS: I see, with delight, that the cause of the vernacular *in* the liturgy—I say so deliberately because I do not advocate a complete translation—at long last has found another priest to stand by the side of such men as my friend John Cort. For his own good reasons he has to remain anonymous; I think I can well understand this. Since I have come out so frequently for this cause, I wish to append my signature as a co-signer of his fine letter and to John Cort's moving plea.

As there may be more correspondence, may I say that neither our American "Vernacular Society" (506 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 5, Ill.) nor the English society has ever advocated more than a translation of those parts of the Mass which are to be sung (or read) for the instruction or edification of God's people; in short, the so-called "Proper" parts and, of the Ordinary, perhaps the parts sung aloud by the celebrant and the choir, or rather the congregation (*Kyrie, Sanctus, Agnus Dei,* etc.).

(REV.) H. A. REINHOLD.

Canton, Ohio

TO THE EDITORS: I would like to express my admiration for John Cort's article. . . . I have worked for almost 30 years among the fallen-away in the US. How often have I seen that the Latin is an almost insurmountable barrier to the ordinary workingman. . . .

SISTER HILDEGARDE,
St. Peter's Mission Center.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recollection. Antonin Sertillanges, O.P. McMullen. $2.95.

THERE IS A LOT of good solid faith and piety to be found among Catholics in the United States; but there is a lot of pallid spirituality, too. It is not surprising, perhaps, that the age of "rugged individualism" and self-expression through which we have lived, has had its effect upon our inner life. But the look-out-for-yourself state of mind is ruinous to any true progress in sanctity. Because progress in holiness is not something strictly between God and myself. It's something between God and me and my neighbor. I'll never be a saint if I leave out either of the other two parties to the deal.

It may be that the reason we have a comparative abundance of "pious" people (as the word *pious* is misused nowadays) and proportionately few really good people, is because so many concentrate on the Beatitudes without balancing them with the Works of Mercy. The thundering emphasis of the Gospel has lost some of its force through repeated hearing. But there still is a terrific explosion in Christ's description of the Last Judgment, wherein He bestows Heaven, not "because you were truthful, and sober, and honest, and chaste," but because "I was hungry and you gave Me to eat, thirsty and you gave Me to drink, naked, and you clothed Me. . . ."

We seem to have lost a lot of things, in the course of time. The Anglicans have outstripped us in their love and appreciation for the liturgy. The Evangelicals have outstripped us in their reverence for and knowledge of the Holy Bible. The Witnesses of Jehova daily put us to shame by the fervor of their apostolic, if mistaken, zeal. And it is the Quakers, a numerically small body, who have become synonymous in America with selfless and dedicated devotion to the distressed—synonymous with gentle and unasking service. What we have lost, most of all, is the Mind of Christ, the Heart of Christ. Well, maybe we have only mislaid Them. But few of us, surely, would claim that where we walk, it is Christ who walks, when we speak, it is Christ Who speaks, when we act, it is Christ Who acts.

There is a bright side, however, to every picture. And the bright side is the contemporary revival in interest on the part of the laity, in the practice of mental prayer. Mental prayer has been defined as "thinking about the things of God, in the presence of God, and applying them to ourselves." An artist looks upon his model with a searching eye, in order to translate the model to his canvas. In mental prayer (or meditation) we contemplate Christ, in order to fashion ourselves in His image.

Recollection offers an attractive invitation to the man or woman who has begun to realize that the unnamed inner restlessness and the faint and formless hunger we all feel, are really the proddings of the Holy Spirit. Père Sertillanges has given us eighty-eight meditations or points-of-departure for mental prayer. Any one of the meditations can be read in three minutes, but none can be digested in that time. This is not a three-minute-a-day book. Each minute of reading will easily provide ten of thought.

The supernatural builds upon nature, and it is no imperfection to welcome, in prayer, a book that has sparkle and tang. *Recollection* has both. Sertillanges, recently deceased, seems to have distilled a lifetime of scholarship (he was a member of the French Institute), imagination and holiness in 235 pages. He takes his pearls of wisdom where he finds them. Goethe, Cervantes, Pascal—each contributes his seed of understanding to the author's own brilliant perception.

Under "Suffering: A Reparation," we read: "Thus, above the appearances and alien realities, I find again that grandeur which a childish feeling of rancor or vindictiveness almost caused me to forfeit; I accept him humbly as the executioner, providentially foreseen, of the high designs of God. It is not to him that I thus submit, it is to God, and to myself, since by understanding and love I have raised myself to the right hand of the Father judging with Christ the 'twelve tribes of Israel,' including myself, their guilty child."

It is not proffered as the best in the book, this paragraph. Chosen quite at random, it illustrates the *multum in parvo* of the author's style. There are books of meditation which say less in twice as many pages.

LEO J. TRESE.

The Week With Christ. Emeric Lawrence. Fides. Cloth $3.50; Paper $2.50.

FATHER LAWRENCE, a Benedictine monk of St. John's Abbey, has written this book to make available a series of written preparations for the liturgy of the Sundays and the major feasts. Based on the prayers of the missal, it puts the emphasis on lay spirituality.

• REVIEWERS •

CAROL H. WEISS, who completed graduate studies in Political Science at Columbia, is now an executive for a national service organization with headquarters in New York.

REV. LEO J. TRESE, a priest of the Archdiocese of Detroit, is the author of *Vessel of Clay*.

A modern spiritual classic for Lenten reading:

THE PASCHAL MYSTERY

by Louis Bouyer, Orat.

"Quite simply, it is the best devout analysis of the liturgy of Holy Week and Easter."
—*Orate Fratres*

At Your Bookstore, or Write to:

HENRY REGNERY COMPANY
20 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

Looking for a Publisher?

Our basic policy is to encourage new authors. If you are looking for a publisher of your scholarly work, novel, play, etc., learn how we can help you. Write today for Free Booklet WL.

VANTAGE PRESS, Inc., 230 W. 41 St., N. Y. 18
In California: Equitable Bldg., Hollywood

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified

★ Rate for your message, 12½c a word (85c each for displayed lines; $1.50 minimum ad). Discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare.
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited.

Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Linens, Gifts. *Catalogs.*

IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York

ART INSTRUCTION

★ DRAWING, PAINTING, PORTRAITURE
Private Instruction for Beginners.

Amateur Groups Evenings and Saturdays.

JOHN BLOMSHIELD
Studio, 340 E. 63rd St., TE. 8-4149.

For the Second Term

CLASS SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE COMMONWEAL

Students in Literature, English, Journalism and Social Science courses benefit each semester through use of their own copies of THE COMMONWEAL. Half the normal rate per copy applies on class orders of ten or more mailed to one address: 7½c a copy, with an extra free copy for Instructor or distributor.

Write Room 508, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16

Colleges and Schools

INDIANA

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana. Conducted by Sisters of the Holy Cross. Fully accredited Liberal Arts College for Women. Courses leading to degrees of Bachlor of Arts, Bachelor of Music, Bachelor of Science. Academic and professional courses in Nursing. Graduate Department of Sacred Theology. Address: Box 71, Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind. Railroad station, South Bend, Ind.

ILLINOIS

ROSARY COLLEGE

River Forest, Illinois. Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. Approved by the Association of American Universities. Liberal Arts, Home Economics, Library Science. Library School accredited by American Library Association. Foreign Study Branch for Junior Year Abroad at Fribourg, Switzerland. Graduate study in Fine Arts at Pius XII Institute, Florence, Italy.

PENNSYLVANIA

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Situated on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Eleven miles from Philadelphia. Address the Registrar for information. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional advantages. For information address the Registrar.

NEW YORK

COLLEGE OF MT. ST. VINCENT SCHOOL OF NURSING

Conducted in cooperation with St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City. Offers courses leading to Diploma of Nursing and Bachelor of Science Degree with a major in Nursing. Write for Bulletin L to Director of Nursing, College of Mt. St. Vincent, Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 71, N. Y.

OHIO

GILMOUR ACADEMY

Gates Mills (Cleveland), Ohio. A Resident Preparatory School for Boys. Conducted by The Brothers of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind. Situated in suburban Cleveland, enjoying the facilities afforded by the city's libraries, galleries and museums. Distinctive rural-home atmosphere. 133 acre campus. Educational, cultural, and physical training programs. Fully accredited four year college preparatory course offered. Classes limited to 15 students. Brother Theophane Schmitt, C.S.C., Headmaster.

NEW JERSEY

DELBARTON SCHOOL

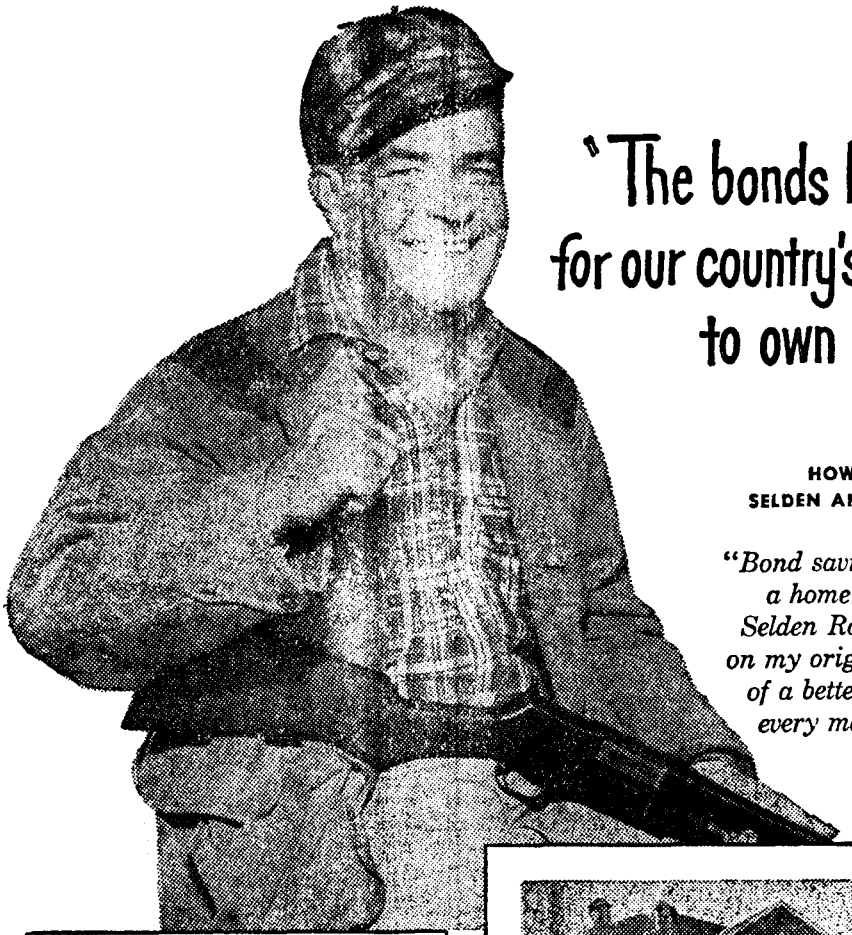
Morristown, New Jersey. An hour's drive from the George Washington Bridge or Holland Tunnel. A country day and boarding school for boys conducted by Benedictine Monks. Six forms, comprising the 7th and 8th grades and four years of college preparatory courses. Small classes. Thorough guidance department. Complete athletic program. Write for prospectus to the Headmaster.

RHODE ISLAND

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island, 23 miles from Providence, 8 miles from Newport, on inland waters of Narragansett Bay. Conducted by American Monks of the English Benedictine Congregation, assisted by Lay Masters. Five forms, 8th grade and four years of high school. Standard Preparatory Course for all colleges and technical schools. Added opportunities in Mathematics and Languages. College Board Examination. Full facilities for athletics including sailing. Address the Secretary.

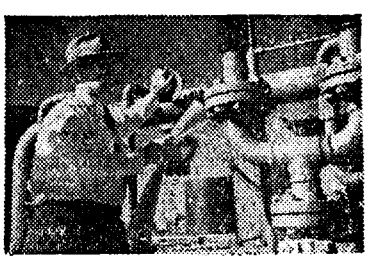
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"The bonds Lila and I bought for our country's defense helped us to own our own home!"

HOW U. S. SAVINGS BONDS PAID OFF FOR SELDEN AND LILA ROBINSON OF DENVER, COLORADO

"Bond saving made it possible for me to become a home owner," says engineer-sportsman Selden Robinson, "then helped me to improve on my original investment through the purchase of a better home. My story should encourage every man who dreams of a house of his own."



"We started our bond buying program before the war, purchasing two $18.75 bonds a month through the Payroll Savings Plan at the Stearns-Roger Manufacturing Co. When war came, we gave up our dream home for the duration and were glad our bonds went for our country's victory."

"Bonds paid $2800 down on a house in 1945. They provided $500 toward a new car. And this year when we traded our first house for a new brick one, bonds paid the difference. We had the money only because of our systematic bond buying program."

"We've saved $4,000, and now we're buying bonds toward a college education for our two daughters, Emily, 15 and Carol, 8. There's no surer savings program than Payroll Savings and U. S. Savings Bonds which are backed by the greatest nation on earth!"

The Robinsons' story can be your story, too!

You can make your dream come true, too—just as the Robinsons did. It's easy! Just start *now* with these three simple steps:

1. Make one big decision—to put saving *first*, before you even touch your income.

2. Decide to save a regular amount *systematically*, week after week or month after month. Even a small sum, saved on a systematic basis, becomes a large sum in an amazingly short time!

3. Start saving automatically by signing up *today* in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. You may save as little as $1.25 a week or as much as $375 a month. If you can set aside just $7.50 weekly, in 10 years you'll have bonds and interest worth $4,329.02 cash!

You'll be providing security not only for yourself and your family but for the free way of life that's so important to us all. And in far less time than you think, you'll have turned your dreams into reality, just as Selden and Lila Robinson have done.

FOR YOUR SECURITY, AND YOUR COUNTRY'S TOO, *SAVE NOW*— THROUGH REGULAR PURCHASE OF U. S. SAVINGS BONDS!

Your government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication and Foote, Cone & Belding in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED